

## [Servant, Prince](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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**Summary:**

Zagreus learns of Kronia, an Athenian festival that includes, among many other traditions, role reversals between master and servant. Naturally, he must bring this celebration to the House, for reasons of festivity and gaiety and not at all an excuse to treat Achilles like a prince who has every right to use Zagreus as his willing servant.

## Servant, Prince

### Author's Note:

- For [bibliomaniac](#).

Brin told me that this festival existed and, well.... the rest is history! I went a little crazy. Also thank you to Stella, without whom my Achilles dirty talk wouldn't be half as good!

"So, how did I do?" Zagreus' happiness was incandescent, his grin brighter than any sunlight that had ever graced the surface. Or maybe Achilles was just drunk. Given the relative emptiness of the goblet of wine he'd been holding, and given how beautiful Zagreus was on a regular basis, both could be true. "I think I did alright. I mean, Dusa made a sound like a flame wheel exploding but, well. I think she did that in a good sort of way?"

Achilles, who was reclined on the chaise that normally belonged to Thanatos (although Thanatos did not use it, from all he'd seen), rolled onto his side to reach for Zagreus, ruffling his hair affectionately. "I'm sure you did wonderfully, lad."

Zagreus sat beside the chaise, leaning into Achilles' touch, which started to linger despite Achilles' best efforts to pull away. Ah, well.

"Did this tradition exist when you were alive?" Zagreus asked. "I'm certain it's not something that's been celebrated in the Underworld before today." Holidays in general were at best a loose concept below the surface, where time passed without any way to keep it. Nobody down here was exactly sure whether this was the correct time of year to hold a Kronia celebration, but Zagreus found out about the tradition and Persephone agreed to it, which meant it happened, dammit, no matter what protests Hades may have leveled.

The Lord of the House was conspicuously absent.

"It did exist," Achilles said, "but it wasn't celebrated widely anywhere I lived. Mostly in Athens, I'm sure your lady cousin could tell you." If Zagreus hadn't already pressed her for details as soon as he heard of the concept.

"Somehow, I fail to see Theseus very enthusiastic about switching roles with his servants," Zagreus said.

"One wonders why any ruler would be," Achilles mused. Honestly, the fact that Zagreus had lobbied so heavily for the celebration to be held in the first place was... unexpected.

He let his cheek settle in Achilles' hand, looking adoringly up at him. Perhaps not entirely unexpected. "I was worried nobody would have fun," Zagreus said, "but it seems all the awkwardness sort of fizzled after everybody had a few drinks, ha."

Achilles couldn't help the indulgent smile that came to his face. "You must have worn yourself out," he said, "attending to everybody's needs like that. You do such things enough on the regular."

"Yes, but this time it's for the purpose of *fun*," Zagreus said. He folded his arms up on the edge of the chaise, laying his head atop them, a blatant invitation for Achilles to keep stroking his hair. "Hypnos was having an absolute ball with it, he made me carry him everywhere even though he can float if he wants."

Achilles had no idea whether hovering expended more or less effort than walking. "You are indeed the perfect choice for something such as this," Achilles told him. "So eager to serve, for a prince."

Zagreus made a soft, pleased sigh, and whether it was brought on by the feeling of Achilles' fingers in his hair or the way Achilles spoke to him, he had no clue. Zagreus had mentioned his voice being soothing before. "You haven't asked me to do a thing for you, sir," he said. He'd truly felt no need to—Zagreus was respectful of him always.

Near where his laurel flared, Zagreus' hair was warm as if heated by the sun. "You've attended to me plenty, anyway," Achilles said. Zagreus had been bringing him drinks all night, and all sorts of treats and refreshments they'd been serving in the House. Achilles hadn't had to get up even once, Zagreus was at his side with whatever he needed before he'd even asked.

"Yes, but is there anything, I don't know... more? That you'd want of me?" Zag's tone had a musical lilt to it, he was teasing, trying to get Achilles to play along.

And Achilles was just tipsy enough to play along wholeheartedly. "Unless you're interested in providing *another* kind of service, I think you have me well taken care of."

Zagreus' head lifted, that spark in his eyes that always showed when something got his attention. "Sir—my *lord*, I'd gladly provide whatever kind of service you desire." The way Zagreus looked at him through his lashes was truly seductive, giving Achilles no guesses as to what kind of service Zagreus wanted to provide.

Despite being little more than a ghost, Achilles couldn't suppress a very human shiver. "Shall we adjourn, then?" he suggested. The Lady Nyx and Her Highness had already made a graceful exit some time ago to enjoy the revelry these sort of festivities promoted in privacy, and Achilles had no doubt that more denizens of the House would be doing the same.

"Not quite yet," Zagreus said. "I told you, you don't need to move from this spot."

"*Zagreus*." He couldn't help but be a little scandalized, and then wondered where he'd picked up such sensibilities. Surely in life he had done such things in more compromising positions.

But in life, *Achilles* had been the prince offering public sex with little shame.

"Yes, my lord?"

Perhaps Zagreus was allotting Achilles the chance to be that prince again.

He allowed himself to relax against the chaise, his hand making its way from Zagreus' hair down to his cheek, to below his chin, his thumb brushing over Zagreus' lower lip. "Attend to me, then," he said, and with that offer, Zagreus' hand was already slipping over Achilles' thigh, feeling him up through his clothing and then skirting over bare skin, left free by the shorter chiton Achilles had worn for the occasion, given that he was not required to dress as a guard of the House.

"Don't allow my attentions to keep you from your drink," Zagreus said, bringing up the bottle he'd gotten... somewhere. He smoothly poured Achilles another drink and then leaned on the couch again, situating himself further down than he had been, beside Achilles' hip.

The wine, like any he'd had in the Underworld, was wonderfully high-quality, smooth and rich, flavorful without needing to be spiced to cover any unpleasant tastes. Achilles still almost spit out a mouthful of it when Zagreus wasted absolutely no time in pulling up his skirt and getting his mouth on Achilles' cock. He managed not to cough as Zagreus left a trail of kisses up the underside, his arm wrapping around Achilles' leg to keep them open.

"That's... that's good, lad," he said, his voice tight and a little strained. He took another drink to steady himself.

Zagreus, intent on unsteadyding him, traded kisses for licks, working Achilles to hardness with his tongue. Achilles' gaze couldn't help but dart up over Zagreus' head, scanning the empty hallway for any passerby. They would only see the broad spread of Zagreus' shoulders, of course, but the way his head dipped would make it immensely obvious that he was sucking Achilles off.

And they'd see Achilles, drinking lazily and enjoying what had been offered to him in service.

Zagreus' mouth was hot, always so hot, but what really made Achilles burn was the knowledge that, just beyond that corridor, there were dozens of

shades and a large conglomeration of the House's denizens still feasting and relaxing, and that one of them may stumble upon him and Zagreus at any moment. Perhaps Hypnos would float by expecting his brother to be occupying his usual perch by the Styx, or one of the shades who worked the administrative chamber would forget they had left something in their office.

Zagreus moaned, enthusiastic as always, too loud for the hall, even with the music (from the enchanted stand, of course, Orpheus had the night off) floating in from the main thoroughfare. "Hush, lad," Achilles said, raising a hand to stroke through Zagreus' hair again. "You're going to get us found out."

Zagreus pulled back, his breathing still labored, his voice already going a bit hoarse as he said, "you'd rather we not be discovered, my lord?" How easily he'd slipped into calling Achilles such things. He was always respectful, unable to keep 'sir' off his lips even while they made love. Achilles had admitted, once, that he didn't *want* Zagreus to avoid calling him 'sir'.

"Not if it's going to be one of your other lovers," Achilles said, all too aware that if he was going to be concerned about that then perhaps he shouldn't have gotten into this on Thanatos' couch.

Zagreus hummed, as if considering. "Too bad. Than would be into that, I think. Can't say for Meg, but you never know."

Before Achilles even had a moment to consider the fact that Zagreus needed no deliberation before proclaiming that Thanatos would be 'into that', Zagreus swallowed him again, managing to keep his voice down this time. There was little they could do about the sounds of Zagreus' mouth moving over Achilles' cock, though. Nor could Achilles control the way his breathing began to come heavier, his fingers in Zagreus' hair gripping slowly tighter and tighter.

He dropped his wine, the goblet clanging loudly, hopefully lost to the din of the party. He didn't watch to see if it spilled, but he wondered if it would stain the floor tiles, if there would be a red ghost of the evidence that Zagreus had taken him here.

Zagreus' movements slowed, his tongue simply stroking along the underside of Achilles' cock. It took Achilles a long moment to realize that he was not going to speed up. No. He was going to let Achilles direct him.

He used his grip on Zagreus' hair to pull him back, before simultaneously tugging his head forward and thrusting up, filling his mouth completely, quick enough that his eyes opened in shock and he gave as much a little yelp as he could around his mouthful.

There was a time at which Achilles would have worried this was too much for Zagreus, that he was going to be hurt. That was before one particular occasion on which Zagreus had gotten to his knees and told Achilles *I want you to fuck my throat raw, sir, I know you can take me harder than that*. Now, he was confident Zagreus would recover, and he was proven correct when Zagreus' eyes rolled shut and he gave another sweet little moan around Achilles' cock.

Pulling him around by the hair would hurt after a while, so Achilles grasped the back of his neck instead, directing Zagreus to move back and forth for a moment before forcing himself deep to feel Zagreus' throat constricting around the head of his cock. Zagreus' hands curled around his thighs, flexing and squeezing the muscle there.

Achilles could feel Zagreus' torso shifting, where his heel rested on Zagreus' back, but it took a moment for his addled mind to catch up to the realization that Zagreus was humping against the leg of the chaise, so aroused he'd been unable to keep from seeking his pleasure.

"Gods, you just can't help yourself, can you," Achilles sighed, although he was hardly better off, spontaneously arching his back to thrust into Zagreus' willing throat. "Rutting against the furniture like that. If you can keep yourself from coming all over the inside of your leggings, I'll give you something better."

Zagreus whined in the back of his throat but he did still, although Achilles had no doubt he was still situated so the leg of the chaise was pressed against his cock, just to relieve some of his pent-up arousal.

"Good lad." He tried to keep his voice to a whisper but it was strained, his nails digging into the back of Zagreus' neck. "That's it, relax your throat. Take me deep, alright? I'm going to come, and you're going to take it."

Zagreus' eyes rolled back and he made another noise that was sure to be audible all through the hall. Achilles was too close to care—at this point, Hades himself could have walked down the corridor and Achilles would have come down Zagreus' throat anyway.

He tipped his head back, muffling a shout with a free hand as he cupped the back of Zagreus' head and pushed him down his full length, spilling into his throat while Zagreus' hands curled around his thighs as if he could pull Achilles closer.

Zagreus stayed right where he was even as Achilles' hand slipped free of his head, swallowing around him one more time before pulling back, not a drop of Achilles' come spilling from his mouth. Achilles slid his thumb over Zagreus' lower lip anyway, if only to feel the heat of his mouth. He leaned his head against Achilles' thigh and looked up at him with watery eyes, giving him a breathy, half-broken laugh.

"Wow, sir," he said. He was satisfyingly hoarse.

"Well, lad? Would you like your reward for that?" Achilles asked him, his hand slipping beneath Zagreus' chin and pulling just a little, urging him up.

"Please, my lord."

"Up here then, in my lap."

Zagreus obeyed, letting Achilles resituate his skirt over his now-softened cock before settling in, straddling his waist. Achilles touched him through his leggings, and even from such a brief touch he could tell Zagreus was so hard it must have hurt. He'd managed to keep from getting off, though, and Achilles was satisfied with his fortitude.

"It's not going to take you long at all, is it, my dear?"



Zagreus might have answered, if he wasn't biting his lower lip so hard.

"You're trying so hard to be quiet, aren't you," Achilles realized. "Poor thing. It's alright if you can't help yourself, lad. Here. Let's keep that mouth of yours occupied, shall we?" He set two fingers to Zagreus' lip, using his other hands to peel his leggings down. Zagreus almost immediately yelped around his fingers, then groaned and leaned into the touch, sucking them the way he'd sucked Achilles' cock.

Now that Zagreus' cock was free, Achilles was at liberty to caress him, and he started with gentle brushes, just his knuckles running up the underside. Even this made Zagreus pant and moan. His position above Achilles on his lap meant that the laurel leaves he shed floated down and settled onto Achilles' head instead, as if Zagreus was passing him the role of 'prince' in more than one way.

"What a pretty thing," he cooed at Zagreus, kissing the corner of his mouth just to the side of where his fingers split Zagreus' lips. "So eager to serve me. To give me what I please. I'd bet if we had the time and the oil for it you'd let me take you right here, wouldn't you? You'd give me all of yourself." Such a thing was something he'd have never said before anybody back home, much less a servant to his household, who would undoubtedly pass around gossip. Even to tease a man with the thought of fucking him was illicit enough.

The fact that he had absolutely no doubt Zagreus would be in for it was downright sinful.

Zagreus' eyes rolled back and his hips bucked forward into Achilles' touch. He was still making all those little noises around the rather useless gag Achilles' fingers made. He was stifled enough, however, that Achilles heard the footsteps before he saw anybody round the corner.

He pulled his fingers free and tugged Zagreus down into a kiss, hoping they'd appear to just be enjoying a much more innocent form of affection. That nobody would guess he'd just come down Zagreus' throat and Zagreus was seconds from orgasm. A kiss, even one with Zagreus almost sitting atop him, wasn't much more salacious than what anybody saw Zagreus

doing with any of his lovers, after all. From Pat's reports, he'd gotten much more involved with Thanatos in a random Elysian glade.

"Ah, Prince Zagreus?" It was Orpheus' quavering voice that called out to them.

Zagreus lifted his head and had to visibly work to pull himself together. He still looked half-wrecked when he glanced over his shoulder. "Yeah, mate." He swallowed repeatedly, breathing deep as if he was trying to slow his racing heart. Achilles could still feel his cock hard and hot like a firebrand against his belly. He could probably rut down against Achilles and come right now.

"Well, I simply... they've opened another cask, and I wanted to know if... you're probably not in need of another drink, are you?" asked Orpheus, who seemed to be misunderstanding the concept of the holiday. Zagreus had enough trouble prying him away from his seat to the side of Hades' throne, so this did not surprise Achilles.

"Not—" a heavy breath, because Achilles had shifted beneath him. "—not right now. I'll be on my way if. Yeah."

"Well, all right, then," Orpheus listed, turning and drifting back through the open corridor.

Achilles met Zagreus' eyes, the scene feeling a bit broken, now. He cleared his throat. "Ought we to return to your quarters—"

"Achilles, I swear to every god on Olympus, if you don't make me come *right now* I'm going to cry." It came out with uncharacteristic fury. Zagreus seemed to only note his own anger after the fact, finishing a little more timidly with, "please, my lord."

Perhaps not entirely broken, then. Achilles kissed his cheek, let his lips linger there. "There's no need for tears, precious." He slipped his hand beneath Zagreus' chiton again, the simpler style he wore to blend in as a house servant much easier to access, given that there weren't so many layers. "I'll give you what you need, after you were so good for me."

He was right in that it only took a few brief strokes for Zagreus to come.

The words on his lips were: *"thank you, my lord."*

They were going to be well and truly forced to retire, now, covered in sweat and Zagreus having made quite a mess of his own chiton and Achilles' hand. Still, he took a long moment easing Zagreus down from his peak, leading him into gentle kisses that were broken by Zagreus' need to pull in air like he'd just completed a decathlon.

"Alright," he said, with a final deep breath. "Okay. Now we can adjourn, if that pleases you."

"Your quarters then, lad?" Achilles asked.

Zagreus wriggled atop him, giving him a wry smile. "I think you mean *your* quarters, my lord. You are, after all, my prince, and I am but your humble servant."

#### **Author's Note:**

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